

morality from the exhibition made by some men high in power and authority. We are more than gratified at the many and outspoken reference to the ball by the Rev. A. A. Cameron, in the course of a special sermon preached subsequently in the Ottawa Baptist Tabernacle to a crowded congregation. Pastor Cameron said in the course of his sermon :

"If ever I go to Rideau Hall, however, I am resolved to go as a gentleman, conduct myself there as a gentleman, and come home as such. When I go I will go in the full exercise of my mental faculties, and come home without permitting any kind of thief to steal away my brains. I will go as a wise man and not come home as a fool! I will go firmly resolving not to look upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, knowing that at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. When I go I will go as a loyal subject of Queen Victoria, but I will endeavor to get home without being disgracefully disloyal to the King of kings. I will go as a man with as much dignity as I can carry, but I expect to return with the crown of my manhood unsullied. But one night ended the pleasure, and the pleasures of that night were succeeded by headaches and heart burnings next day. The gay company is scattered, the flowers worn are faded, and the gay dresses soiled, and after all that the eye saw there, and the ear heard, and the thrilling motions the heart felt, our text [1 Cor. 2 : g] still remains."

WHAT IS BEAUTY.—How various are the notions which the natives of different countries entertain of personal beauty ; yet there can be no doubt that the expression of the soft emotions of benevolence, pity, and love, as exhibited in "the human face divine" is pleasing to all the world. The different opinions of beauty, entertained in various countries, relate to colour and to form. These opinions arise from national customs or certain prejudices widely extended, which modify the natural taste. In China, the chief beauty of women is thought to consist in the smallness of their feet. As soon as girls are born the nurses confine their feet with the tightest ligatures, to prevent their growth. The women of Arabia colour their eyebrows with a black powder, and draw a black line under their eyes to make them more prominent and expressive.

In the time of the old court of France, the faces of the Parisian ladies were spotted with patches, and plastered with rouge. Lord Chesterfield, when at Paris, was asked by Voltaire, if he did not think some French ladies, then present,—whose cheeks were fashionably tinted,—very beautiful. "Excuse me," said Lord Chesterfield, "from giving an opinion, for I am no judge of *paintings*."

An Englishman of fine appearance, as he was travelling among the Alps, attracted

much notice ; but the natives thought his person deficient in one important point which they flattered themselves was a *local* beauty "How completely handsome," they said "this Englishman would be, if he had, like us, a swelling under his throat."

Communication.

FOR THE "HELPER."

OUR FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS.

Here I am in India, and in our own Canadian mission to work, as if it had always been my home. There is one hard part of a missionary's life that I do not have to meet this time coming to India. I mean the acquiring of the language. It is pleasant to feel at home at once, and be able to communicate with the people. Of course there were hard things about our coming this time that we did not have to meet when we turned our backs on Canada more than eleven years ago. There were no loved children then tugging at the heart strings.

We had been in Cocanada less than two weeks when the time came around for us to go to our Annual Mission Conference, if we wished to attend it. I was loathe to go because of the time I would lose in preparing to build our chapel, that we are going to try and have done by next rainy season. On the other hand we very much desired to see the brethren of the Maritime Provinces, and their fields north of us. The end of all was that we went. We made quite a company going out to take the steamer in the Cocanada bay. There were Mr. & Mrs. Currie, Mr. & Mrs. Craig, Bro. McLaurin and myself. Mrs. McLaurin and Mrs. Timpany stayed behind to take care of the place, and I presume to have a good visit together all to themselves. We left the mission house in Cocanada, Thursday at 11 o'clock A. M. and were at Bimlipatam the next day at mid-day.

Bimlipatam is about twenty miles north of Vizagapatam. It is the place selected by Mr. Sandford for a station. He has obtained a commanding situation back of the centre of the town ; he has the foundation of a good mission house in, and will in a few months have a good house for the mission family. Miss Hammond who came out with us will have her home in this house and be joined with Mr. & Mrs. Sandford in work ; Bro. Sandford will go on also with the building of a school house and I think a chapel. Building material, save wood and labor are very low, not above half as much as in Cocanada. The brethren of the Maritime Provinces certainly will get the worth of their money at Bimlipatam. It is a magnificent field and I doubt not has a future before it, and Bro. Sandford is the making of a good missionary.

We expected to have started the same evening for Chicacole, 45 miles west of north from Bimlipatam, but failed to get carts till next day. This is the station recently opened by Bro. Armstrong. He first went to Kimidy, much farther north. They found the place so unhealthy that they had to leave it. I make no doubt that they have reached the right place now. Bro. Armstrong has bought a good place on the bank of the Chicacole River. The house is on the site of one of the bastions of the old fort. In

and about Chicacole there are about 25,000 people. Then it is the centre of a very large population. A man could ask for no better location to work for his Master. Here, as well as in Bimlipatam, an excellent station will be secured at a very moderate price.

Bro. Churchill is building at Bobli, a large town over fifty miles from Bimlipatam, and located in a large, populous, and rich plain at the eastern side of the Ghants, which run up through the country. I am enthusiastic over the field that we Canadians have here. It will be a grand mission in time, if we are true to the work the Lord has committed to our hands.

The meetings of the Conference were characterized by a delightful spirit of harmony, frankness, and good will. Business of an important nature was transacted. Among the different items of business was a resolution spoken to, and approved of by all the missionaries, setting forth their desire that an organic union of the Foreign Mission Societies east and west might be brought about. I hope that the brethren at home, in the Maritime Provinces, and in the West will seriously take the matter up. It would give conscious power to our movements both at home and here, such as we cannot now have. It would enable us to locate ourselves to the best advantage. United work could be undertaken that neither feels strong enough to bear alone. A hesitating policy that must at times mark the separate movements of the two small societies would give place to a greater degree of confidence. Important resolutions on Bible revision were passed. You will hear more of this in the near future I presume.

A. V. TIMPANY.

A LITTLE SERMON.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of hum-*ah* beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest ladzie in all the group ;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then laid again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content,
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow ;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand.
If ever she's poor, old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was : "God be kind to the noble boy."
Who is somebody's son, and, prize, and joy !

—Harper's Weekly.